

LETTER

FROM THE

QUIDNUNC'S

AT

St. James's Coffee-House and the Mall, London,

To their Brethren at

LUCAS's Coffee-House, in DUBLIN.

*Quid scribam vobis, vel quid omnino non scribam,
Dum me Deaque perdant, si satis scio.* S U E T.

To Mr. S—th, Inquisitor-General, and President of the Arch'd-
Seat, and the Athenian Corner, at Lucas's Coffee-house.

SI R, having nothing else to do,
We send these empty Lines to you :
To you, these empty Lines we send,
For want of News, my worthy Friend :
In hopes, e'er long, some Spirit kind
Will, either raise a Storm of Wind,
Or cause an Earthquake, or, in the Air,
Embattled Troops will make appear :
Or produce, somewhere, something new :
Cause Stories, whether false or true,
To flie about : For, without News,
Our Ears and Tongues are of no use ;
And when there's nothing to be said,
Tis better, sure, that we were dead.

Good Lord! what silent Times are these !
All's Peace at home ! Abroad all's Peace !
Our State secure ! Church out of Danger !
D—m it ; 'twou'd make one burst with Anger.
Not so when pious *Anna* reigned ;
New Things, each Packet, then contained !
Then *Marlbro'* (thundering from afar),
Up-roas'd us by the Din of Wars ;
And *Oxford* (laying aside his Grace) ;
Rous'd us, much more, by making Peace.
Then *D'Aumont* drove a right *French Trade*,
And run his *Goods*, in *Masquerades* ;
The *Pulpits* then, were fill'd with Thunder ;
Each Day, at Court, produc'd some Wonder.
The *Fleet* laid up ! Army disband'd,
And the *Pretender* — all — but landed.

But now, the De—l a Thing, like this ;
We eat, we drink, we sleep, we kiss ;
Grow fat as *Cooks*, grow rich as *Jews* :
But what's all this, Sir, without News ?
No News Sir — let's see — none has been —
These twelve long Months — no Monster seen —
No bloody Murthers — Battles none —
And hardly *A Fire* in the Town —
No Frolick — nay Men cease to sport on,
His poor and merry Grace of *W—n*.
Dismal indeed ! In fine, my Friend,
I fear, the World's, just, at an End —
Fear ! No ! *I hope* — If this be true,
We, then, shall meet with somewhat new.
But d—n that filly Ass the *Turk* —
Well — *Alberoni* will make Work —
Nor, shall we long, I'm sure, complain,
Philip will send us News, from *Spain* :
God bless us ! should the *French King* die !
The *Czar* too ! — think you he'll lye by ?
— At least, Two hundred thousand Men —
Ha ! he'll to *Perfia* back again —
Or else he'll fight some *Europæan* ;
Or send his Fleet to invade the *Ægean*.
Come — come — This Summer, I foresee,
Of new Things, will productive be ;
And to preserve you from the *Hips*,
Next *May*, we shall have an *Eclipse*.
And this, thank God, this great event,
King G E O R G E and's Council can't prevent.

Beside

Belides, consider well, my Friend,
What things Stargazers, hence, portend.
What Wars ! what Famines ! Great Men dead !
Women of Monsters brought to Bed !
Well—Hang it—Master, never fear :
This will be a News-Coining Year.
May's not far off—No ! not one Spark !
We all shall then, be in the Dark !
And yet (altho' as Dark, as Night,))
That Day shall bring strange things to Light.
But, pray Sir, how goes on your *Scheming* ?
Knows *Rythmicus* ought, worth your Naming ?
Does keen *Fabritius*, skilful Brother !
See, still, as far, as any other,
Into the Millstone, which before ye,
Grinds, Hourly, some pretty Story,
Into a thousand Parts, so small,
At length, they are hardly seen, at all.
Does *Masticator*, sage and wise,
Some worn-out Stuff, anew, devise ?
And find *The Inimitable Grace*,
In all that's said, by *BONNIFACE* ?
Do's soft *Virgineus* still, beguile
His Hours, by that most silent smile,

With which, he assents to all, that's said ?
Is old *Inany* alive, or dead ?
Is *Venter* ditto ? Dull and Mrry ?
Whom have ye Voted *Dean of Derry* ?
Are ye all ith' Dark, or can ye Look,
Into each Secret of the Duke ?
Tell, why things, thus long, are deferr'd ?
And name the Men to be preferr'd ?
Tell these, my Friend, and what's to follow,
And you shall be my great *Apollo*.
When, on dry Ground, shall People tread,
From *Houth*'s high Hill, to *Holly Head* ?
Wide as the *Thames* shall *Liffey* Flow ?
Amidst your Bogs, shall Spices Grow ?
Say, can a better V—R—grace
The D— of G—'s arduous Place ?
Than him, who'l Faction, more Despise ?
And will the Factious E're be wise ?
Will they, *To mean some what*, be taught ?
Will *Quidnunc*'s, e'er, prove good for aught ?
When will *Miss EUSTACE* cease to Charm ?
And Crafty *CLODIUS* mean no harm ?
But ... *just arriv'd one H'land Mail* ;
And so, in hast, we Sign and Seal.—

Dear

Inquisitor,

Your, (Cumfociis,)

(Most Questionless,)

Most Questionful,

And most Curious Brethren,

And Humble Servants,

R, S, T, U, W, X, Y, Z, &c.

